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OCALA, FLORIDA

OCALA LODGES

MASONS



Marion-Dunn Lodge No. 19, F. & A. M. meets on first and third Thursdays of each month at 7:30 o'clock until further notice.

J. A. BOUVIER, W. M.

W. V. WHEELER, Sec.

OCALA CHAPTER NO. 13, R. A. M.

Regular convocations of the Ocala Chapter No. 13, R. A. M., on the 4th Friday in every month, at 8 p. m.

N. I. GOTTLIEB, H. P. M.

JAKE BROWN, Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Ocala Lodge No. 19.—Convocations held every Monday at 7:30 p. m. Cas the hall over Pyser's cigar store. A cordial welcome to visiting brothers.

SIDNEY HAILE, C. C.

CHAS. K. SAGE, K. R. S.

W. O. W. REGULAR MEETING



Fort King Camp No. 14, Woodmen of the World will hold their regular meeting Friday evening, December 10. All members urged to be present.

M. M. LITTLE, C. C.

C. K. SAGE, Clerk.

I. O. O. F.

Tulula Lodge No. 22, Independent Order of Odd Fellows meets every Tuesday evening at 8:00 o'clock at Yonge's Hall, Fort King avenue. Visitors in the city invited to be with us.

W. L. COLBERT, N. G.

M. M. LITTLE, Sec.

F. U. A.

The Fraternal Union of America meets in Yonge's hall the second Thursday of each month.

R. E. YONGE, F. M.

C. K. SAGE, Secretary.

"LAKE WEIR"

Eighteen Miles From Ocala. Houses to Rent at "WoodMar." On the Bluff overlooking the Lake. : : :

GOODWIN BUNGALOW—Furnished; modern plumbing; running water; acetylene gas. \$10 per week.

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DAVID S. WOODROW, Holder Block, Ocala, Fla.

CITRUS FRUIT

Choice oranges, fresh from tree after order is received, \$1.50 per box; grapefruit, \$2.25 per box; oranges, grapefruit and tangerines mixed, \$2 per box. This fruit comes from South Lake Weir, where the white fly is unknown. A. M. Lansford, Phone 328, Ocala, Fla.

Christmas Oranges

For the next ten days I shall be packing presentation boxes, composed of tangerines, grapefruit and choice oranges. Price \$2.25 per box f. o. b. Auburndale. E. M. Howard, Phone 101.

THE FLORIDA CONCRETE AND PAVING COMPANY

We are prepared to fill your orders for cement work of whatever nature or kind. Manufacturers of cement brick, building blocks, hexagon and octagon blocks, and all kinds of paving material. We employ skilled workmen and our motto is to please. Temporary quarters, phone 256. JAMES R. MOORHEAD, Mgr.

A nice assortment of holly boxes to pack your Christmas presents in. The Postoffice Drug Store.

COMMISSIONER PROCTOR TO PROSPECTING IMMIGRANTS

Pedro, Fla., December 2, 1909.

To Whosoever It May Concern:

As I have many inquiries about Florida, the climate, lands, water, etc., will say that we have a fine climate. We always have a good breeze, and in the hottest part of summer the thermometer only registers about 96 degrees, and in winter it very seldom registers below 30 degrees above zero, with a sufficient amount of rain at almost all seasons of the year. Very seldom have anything in the way of a storm.

In this connection the following table of the climate and rainfall at Ocala, the county seat, for the past twenty years, taken from the government records, may be interesting:

Temperature	Rainfall
January... 57 deg.	2.75 in.
February... 60 deg.	3.28 in.
March... 65 deg.	3.94 in.
April... 69 deg.	1.94 in.
May... 75 deg.	3.46 in.
June... 80 deg.	7.83 in.
July... 81 deg.	7.79 in.
August... 81 deg.	7.68 in.
September... 79 deg.	7.33 in.
October... 72 deg.	2.78 in.
November... 64 deg.	1.61 in.
December... 59 deg.	2.45 in.

Average temperature for year, 70 deg.; average rainfall for year, 51.90 in.

There are some lands—improved—in Marion county that can be bought at a reasonable price. Most of the lands owned by the large land dealers are pine lands that have never been cultivated, but have had the timber taken off of it—all but some small undergrowth—and the stumps and brush are still on the land, and I believe it would cost anywhere from \$3.50 to \$10 per acre to put these lands into cultivation. The soil of the lands in Florida is mostly sandy, with clay subsoil. Some of it is light gray. This grade is the poorest, but it is good for oranges and other citrus fruits, especially around the lakes. Then we have in Marion county a heavy dark gray soil, which is the best grade of pine lands. This grade is well adapted to the growing of corn, oats, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, peas, peanuts, cantaloupes, tomatoes, watermelons, velvet beans and most anything that will grow anywhere. Then we have a low dark soil that grows cabbage, cukes, lettuce, celery and such like fine. We also have some hammock lands which are well adapted to the growth of most all kinds of produce.

The lands of Marion county are mostly level, with some small hills, and much of it fertile, but some is poor and of but little value, so I would deem it prudent for anyone wishing to invest to be a little careful and see that they are buying what they want.

Now, as to the water. It is plentiful, and can be obtained at a depth of from 10 to 90 feet deep most anywhere in Marion county, and it is clear and good to drink. I would advise any person wanting a farm not to buy less than 40 to 160 acres of land.

M. M. PROCTOR, County Commissioner, Pedro, Marion Co., Fla.

FLORIDA—THE GREATEST COMMERCIAL CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 1, 1909.

To the Editor Ocala Banner:

I get the important Florida news regularly every week from your invaluable Banner, and am pleased to note your progress in the things that tend to the development of the natural advantages of what is soon to be the greatest commercial center of the universe. With the completion of the Panama canal, deep waterway from Chicago to the gulf, Flagler's East Coast railway completed to Key West, a ship canal across the peninsula of Florida, near Ocala, what more is needed to enable the southern states, and especially Florida, taking high rank with the most prosperous portions of the north. Trade from all portions of the earth will find the great sea ports of Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, the most natural and accessible points for exchange of commodities for the north, the great northwest, the Pacific coast, the Orient and all European countries. Does it need any great prophetic mind to see the result? I feel like Benjamin Franklin when he foresaw some of the developments in electricity, etc. He remarked that he wished he had been born later, that he might witness these things.

I have just completed for the second time the reading of President Taft's message to congress, and, as usual, I find some portions commendable and others bad, but in the main one cannot fail to see a studied effort to avoid anything that would seriously disturb the tranquility of business—an example of which is the expressed desire that congress shall not meddle with the Aldrich-Taft tariff as it now exists. I think, however, that the progressive republicans and true democrats will continue their warfare in behalf of consumers until some relief is obtained and the dominant party

has to some extent complied with their anti-election professions and promises.

The ship subsidy bill asked for by the president is too bare-faced a fraud to meet with any favor from democrats or honest republicans. The postal savings bank bill, if enacted, will create a horde of tax eaters at a time when the country can least afford it, and will be of no benefit to anyone except those who are appointed to handle the funds of depositors, the cost of which must be paid by the people indiscriminately, whether benefited or not. But the chief and only so-called argument in favor of postal savings banks is that government security would draw out the money that is hoarded in stockpiles. But why cannot a state enact laws making state savings banks as secure as the government? Why should the people be taxed to carry on a banking business when we have plenty of banks and capitalists who are willing to pay a higher rate of interest and bear all the expense themselves of running the business? The government is doubtless in need of these small savings to assist its pet Wall Street gamblers to carry on their nefarious business of fleecing the small fry, advancing prices of material, stocks and bonds that they may advance carrying rates, which in the end must be paid by the consumer. The president professes favoring economy; if honest he should be consistent. It is an old saying that one cannot blow hot and cold at the same breath.

Yours truly,
J. D. BACON.

WHAT IS MAKING THE SOUTH RICH

While most people outside the south who discuss it talk or write as though cotton were about the only resource, it has many others of greater aggregate value. Editor Edmonds of the Manufacturer's Record makes the following enlightening comment on the general topic. It will be seen that in proportion to the number of its people the south is gaining as much wealth as any section or division of the country. Mr. Edmonds says:

"While Secretary Wilson in his annual report has probably underestimated the value of the crop of \$100,000,000, still, his estimate of \$850,000,000 is about twice as much as this year's output of all the gold mines of the world. But great as are these figures, cotton provides only one-third of the total value of the south's agricultural products, which this year will be about \$2,500,000,000, or more than the total value of all the farm products in the United States in 1890, excepting animals sold for slaughter, for which the total is not given.

"The south is accounted by most people as a cotton country, but it raises over 800,000,000 bushels of grain, over \$25,000,000 worth of rice, and annually ships of fruits and early vegetables over \$100,000,000 worth to northern and western markets.

"Heretofore, when cotton sold at high prices it was generally late in the season after it was out of the hands of the growers. But this time the producers are getting the benefit and are now receiving about twice as much a bale as they did in the low price period ten years ago. An illustration of what fourteen and fifteen cent cotton means is seen in the fact that Georgia farmers will receive for this year's cotton crop about \$150,000,000, or \$50,000,000 more than they got last years for a crop of just about the same size, for in that state there was no material falling off in the yield.

"The south is not simply getting rich; it is already rich and adding to its wealth by some millions of dollars every day, Sundays and holidays included. Its total wealth is now \$6,000,000,000 greater than that of the United States in 1860. It does not need anybody's commiseration or pity any more. It is no longer the 'poor south.' It is the opulent, the triumphant south now coming into full possession of its heritage through the utilization of wealth creating resources unmatched by any other equal area known to man."

Car Porters Must Make a Living

By an order issued by the Pennsylvania railroad no Pullman porter assigned to a composite car or parlor car is to wipe a gentleman's shoes or brush his hat or clothes unless asked personally by him to do so. He is forbidden to carry through the cars a hat brush or whisk broom. If caught doing so he is to be discharged.

A Pullman porter's salary is but \$25 a month. He must pay for all shortage in linen and buffet, and buy a new uniform every time his superintendent says so, unless he has been in service ten years. A new uniform and cap cost \$20.50. What are the porters going to live on?—Porter, in the New York World.

Mrs. George K. Robinson has returned from Providence, R. I., where she went to attend the funeral of her father.

DR. COOK AND HIS FRIENDS

Dr. Cook, the north pole explorer cannot complain that his friends have not stood loyally by him. Such a manifestation of devotion has rarely been equalled in the history of the world. Their devotion almost reached the stage of partisan frenzy.

When Dr. Cook first landed and put forth his claim of having discovered the north pole by the aid of a certain number of barrels of gum-drops, and here and there someone shook his head in doubt, as Thomas did—they were rallied at and beaten into silence.

When the young Esquimaux, whom the explorer claimed went with him on his expedition, denied the story and said that he had not gone within two hundred miles of the pole, the friends of Dr. Cook cried aloud that it was a "conspiracy," originated by the enemies of Dr. Cook to destroy him—the young Esquimaux they said had been bribed to fabricate the story of their denial.

When his comrades who had gone with him in his attempts to scale the heights of Mount McKinley came out in a sworn statement, saying that the heights had never been scaled, and the doctor was only romancing, the cry again went forth that it was another "conspiracy," organized to ruin the fame of the intrepid explorer. The doctor's friends said that these men had been bribed.

Again, when the insurance agent and sea captain made affidavits that they had been employed by the doctor to get up his north pole data for him and the thrilling experiences and extraordinary observations were all the work of fiction and were gotten up right in the city of Brooklyn, the doctor's friends again cried out that it was all the work of another "conspiracy" to ruin the fame of the daring explorer.

And who are the men charged with these persistent and cumulative conspiracies? The members of the Peary Arctic Club, composed only of men of high character and standing, and eminent as scientists.

It appears to us that Dr. Cook heard some intimation of Commodore Peary's success in reaching the pole and anticipated him in his claims by a few weeks, fixing the date of his own discovery a year previous.

He passed through Copenhagen, but did not submit the proofs of his discovery to the Royal Geographical Society there, although his friends there were the most ardent of his supporters, but hastened to the United States and immediately began to gather in the shekels. He entered into a contract with the newspapers and syndicated the story of his "Discovery of the North Pole." He also contracted with the phonograph people and mounted the lecture platform. He turned a penny wherever it was possible to do so. The motto, "Make hay while the sun shines," seems to have impressed itself upon him in its most acceptable form.

If the story of the sea captain be true, all the while our fanciful explorer was lecturing, talking through the phonograph and newspapers, and captivating the people by his thrilling performances at "so much per," his proofs were being fixed up for him in an obscure office in Brooklyn, where his thrilling experiences were manufactured, and not until they were so manufactured were they transmitted to the scientific society at Copenhagen.

To reach the north pole was the summit of Commodore Peary's ambition. He had spent thirty-five years of his life in his efforts to do so. He at last succeeded.

Upon reaching the confines of civilization the news was flashed to him that Cook had reached the pole the year before. He was satisfied in his own mind that with Dr. Cook's equipment and within the time named, that such a feat was a physical impossibility, and being familiar with Dr. Cook's propensities for romancing, he asked the American people to suspend judgment as to his and Dr. Cook's respective claims, and in a letter to a friend suggested that the doctor was "handing out a gold brick" to the world.

Immediately Commodore Peary was pelted with abuse and contumely such as was rarely ever before heard of in this country.

It was not until Dr. Cook went into retirement and his confidential attorney quit him with "cold feet," does the country seem disposed to let Commodore Peary come into the possession of his own.

We are reminded, however, that the "truth is mighty," and will prevail.

ANCIENT ROMANS WERE ONLY HUMAN

It is hard for modern men to comprehend that ancient ages were but little different from ours. Fashions in dress, modes of travel and religious symbols have undergone many transformations—men are ever the same and the world is ever the same; hunger has the same pang and the sun sheds the same glad glow; love and revenge and all the other passions, dark and bright, ever play hide and seek with the human soul.

Such a book as W. Warde Fowler's "Social Life at Rome in the Ages of Cicero," brings the truth of this home with special force. We have heard much of Roman soicism. But when we read that "in February, 54, a month when the senate had always much business to get through with, it was so cold one day that the few members present clamored for dismissal and obtained it"—when we read this we realize that the stoic Romans could shiver even as do the effeminate men of today.

When we learn that Julius Caesar forbade wagons to be driven in the streets of Rome during the daytime, it dawns upon us that the scorching chauffeur had a Latin prototype. And again, as we are told that in the decline of the Roman drama, the plots of their plays nearly always involved "some incident of an amorous nature in which ordinary morality was set at defiance," we recognize a familiar phenomenon.

The loan sharks laid snares for the ancient Romans as he does for impetuous Americans. The Praetorian guard, we know, had Tammany hall beaten to a frazzle. The provincial governors could give present-day boulders a few pointers on graft—even the virtuous Brutus had the laws fixed so he could lend the miserable Sallustians money at 18 per cent. Cicero himself had no private fortune, was always deep in debt, without apparent income, yet lived on the fat of the land and purchased country houses as he coveted them. In our day Cicero would certainly have been suspected of affiliations with Standard Oil. Prof. Fowler's scholarly book is full of instructive facts which show the immutability of the human species during the historic ages. (New York: The Macmillan Company; Pittsburgh: J. R. Weldon & Co.)

The Moral Equation

Complacent modern man, however, may still pat himself upon the back as he recalls the atrocities and immoralities briefly catalogued by Leprieux, or broadly detailed by Suetonius. At any rate he congratulates our age—we have no Nero, no Caligula, no Antony and Cleopatra. Deluded Pharisee! In his recent work on "Characters and Events of Roman History," from Caesar to Nero, the Italian historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, shows that

the Roman corruption, even which as much as has been made, was not a mild intermediate of history.

Why, in the golden age of Augustus it was against the law to spend more than five for a wedding banquet. "Lullia Paulina," daughter of Marcus Aurelius, "passed into history because she possessed jewels worth several millions of francs, there are today too many Lullia Paulinas for any one of them to hope to buy immortality at as cheap a rate."

The story of Antony and Cleopatra was an ancient favorite legend, romanticized by a victorious rival having to discredit Antony. Antony was no more of a mad, loose, squandering profligate for whom any modern adventurer who schemes to marry an heiress, Cleopatra was not and had not, and just one man who at 40, when Antony, if the poets are to be believed, died at her side. The truth of the matter is that Antony and Cleopatra were, legally married three years before, and that he was doubtless actuated by a desire to escape Egypt's crown rather than by love of the queen. So that even the legends of ancient luxury and romantic passion resolve themselves into all the ancients were just as much as we are and had not nearly so much glamour. Prof. Ferrero has said so and let know. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Edward Hutton in Rome

The old Roman, romantic world sometimes as one piece over the ruins of Edward Hutton's "Rome," although he was told of the days when the Colosseum was devoted to bull fights, and now wander from monument to monument from ruin to ruin, witnessing the decay of glory and the humiliation of pride. Mr. Hutton's book is one of those magnificent travel volumes which modern color printing has made possible, yet it is not only the thought of the unity of the ancient and the modern world, through such a tale as that of the Emperor Trajan's salvation to Pope Gregory's prayers. The art, the architecture, the religion of Rome, are all shown in Mr. Hutton's pages, and with all the perspective of history they appeal to us as something present and personal. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

"An Outline History of the Roman Empire," by William Morris Davis, extends from 44 B. C. to 476 A. D.—the period of transition and decadence. The work is intended as a text-book. Mr. Davis, the author of some capital romances, being professor of history at the University of Minnesota. It is reliable, it is well-written, and it is human. That is, perhaps, its highest merit, for the historian who cannot show his readers that an alien race and antique age are of human clay has missed his vocation. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)—George Keith, in Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

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